

Afternoon.
March 18th '96.

My Dearest Clarence.

Yours of Monday
night just read; It
made me so happy -
telling as it does of your
plans. How strange that
you should have chosen
just the spot I have
always had in mind
for you, and yet we
have never spoken
upon the subject until
now. I picked out

that corner have
fall in my mind's
eye, for your office.

When are the new
graduating photos to be
taken? I should think
you would look brighter
and better after returning
from Dixon.

Tell me know what
country Dixon is in
I shall probably be able
to mail you some pictures
on Saturday the 28th.
so you will get them
down there.

Oh! you don't know how delighted
I am with the plans - how I wish
you were here to be kissed & kissed
& kissed.

I sang for those poor people
today and afterward left the choir
of aristocratic people I was with
and went about amongst them
shaking hands & chatting with
each happy person in the room.
How they appreciated it - It was

a sanction to see
 their faces - while my
 circle of friends were
 simply dumb founded
 at my actions. Here
 is Mallison, so goodbye
 for now - darling -

It is now long after 11 -
 Mallison gone; we had a
 most pleasant evening together.
 Received your telegram at
 dinner this evening, and
 am half inclined to be
 very angry about it. Charles,
 do you really think I cannot
 take care of myself. A
 man is such that it is not
 safe or right to go with him, alone,
 then I do not desire his company
 at all. Darling - you know
 best - It is only that I find
 it hard to get used to being
 sure. Bless your thoughtful care
 Your essence

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